

T H E

**Triumphs of London.**

Prepared for the Entertainment of the Right Honorable

**Sir THOMAS LANE, Knight,***Lord Mayor of the City of***L O N D O N.**

CONTAINING

A full Description of the Pageants, Speeches, Songs,  
and the whole Solemnity of the Day.Performed one *Monday* the 29 of *October*, 1694.

Set forth at the Proper Cost and Charges of the

HONORABLE COMPANY of

**CLOTHWORKERS.**

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Published by Authority.

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L O N D O N,

Printed and are to be Sold by *Richard Baldwin*, at  
the *Oxford Arms Inn*, in *Warwick-Lane*. 1694



CLOTH WELLS

N

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
*Sir* THOMAS LANE, *Knight*,  
LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

*My Lord,*

**B**Efore I congratulate Your Lordship's happy Inauguration to the Pretorial Dignity, I must first pay my duteous Veneration to the Merit that advanced You thither. Your Lordship had that Remarkable Triumph in Your Election, that when You stood Candidate for the Chair, You brought so fair a Mass of Virtues to intitule You to that Pretention, that instead of Doubts and Scrutinyes, the tedious Disputes and Jars of Voices and Parties, too common in too many Elections, 'twas enough for such Merit as *Sir Thomas Lane's* only to enter the Lists and carry the Conquest. Divided Favours were utterly Strangers there. Your Lordship was that universal Darling that less than an hour began and concluded the Choice; insomuch that there wanted no more to fix Your Lordship's Wreath of Honour, then only to present the Brow that wears it.

And

## *The Epistle* DEDICATORY.

And as Magistracy, especially in so high a Station, as Your Lordship's, is no less then the immediate Lieutenancy of Majesty, the Deputy and Representative of Sovereign Power, Your Lordship makes Your Entry to that Honorable Post of Trust with all those eminent Advantages, as must fully answer the Expectation of the World. For You bring with You, that Vivacity and Sprightliness of a fair and Active Youth to undertake it, a Genius and a Soul, and all the warmth of a Publick Spirit to execute it; and to both these, that unshaken Fidelity to Crown the Hand that holds it. Nay not to want even the least Ornament or Decoration of Dignity, You bring a Person too even to grace the Honour You wear.

Thus as a Vigilant and Faithful Magistrate is a true Crown Jewel, Your Prince and Your Country, those two great Ascendants, being Your Lordships whole Influencing Powers, You challenge all the Qualifications for the Highest and clearest Lustre that that truly Royal Jem. can bear.

Nay Your Accession to Magistracy gives us this particular Observation, that Your Lordship enters the Seat, lest You so warm with the Merit that fill'd it before You, to whose worth and Virtues Your Lordship brings not only a Succession, but an Alliance too. Thus as the Encouragement of Religion, and the Suppression of Vice have been so Exemplar a Labour and Endeavour before You, Your Lordship  
Ap.



*The Epistle* DEDICATORY.

Approaches enrich with those Principles and that Zeale, for the effectual keeping up those Sacred Facies of Authority so descended and lodged in Your Hand ; that all Good Men live in hopes that such Leading Originals may stand as lasting Patterns even to latest Generations. And thus in this great Work so well begun and so continued, though Your Lordship's Dignity is that Honour which You hold but one short Year, nevertheless, You will lay those Foundations of that Glory as will last to Ages ; in which true Propheticks, give me leave to Write my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordships

most Dutiful Servant,

**E. SETTLE.**

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TO THE  
Honourable Company  
OF  
CLOTHWORKERS.

Gentlemen,

**I**N my Address to the Company of *Clothworkers*, I am entered within those Walls that lead me to a very fair Survey of no common Worth and Merit. For I may justly concede ~~You this Fair Renown~~, viz. That the whole Grandeur of *England* is in a high measure owing to your worthy Society. For as the Gold of our *Fleece*, and the Wealth of our *LOOM* is in a manner our whole English *Peru*: And the back of the *Sheep*, and not the Entrails of the Earth is our chief Mine of Riches. The Silkworm is no Spinster of ours; and our Wheele and our Webb, Gentlemen, are all your own.

Thus as *Trade* is the life-blood of the English Nation, and indeed the very Supporter of the Crown; so the greatest Branch of the English Trade lies in the *Clothworkers* Hands. Our *Floating Castles*, I confess, Our Naval Commerce, bring us in both the *Or* and the *Argent*, and indeed the whole wealth of the World: They bring it in, 'tis true, but when thoroughly examined, 'tis Your *CLOTH* sends out to fetch 'em. And thus whilst the Imperial *Britannia* is so formidable to her Foes, and  
so

so potent to her Friends, her Strength and her Power, when duly consider'd, to the *Clothworkers* Honour I may justly say, 'tis Your *Shuttle* nerves her Arm, and Your *Woof* that enrobes her Glory.

But not to insist upon that single Merit alone, the Extent of Your Trade, and the Reputation You have acquired, these being no more than the common work of Your Industry ; no, I have a Diviner Theme before me, the Hundreds of Your poor Pensioners that yearly taste Your Bread, and wear Your Cloth, a Cloth so worne, possibly the fairest Web in Your whole Loom.

Nor, Gentlemen, is Your Bounteous Goodness bounded here, Your Charity confined within Your own Gates, Your own Hospitable Roof only : but Your more spreading Acts of Mercy and Humanity have a yet larger Extent. Those two fair Sisters, the *Universities*, both Rivals to Your kind Favours, lay their equal claim to Your Gracious Smiles, witness your constant and generous *Exhibitions*, Your cherishing Hand towards the Nursery of *Arts* and *Sciences*.

Thus not only our great Channel of Trade runs through the worthy *Clothworkers*, but the two Great Fountains of Learning too must acknowledge You their Patrons and Benefactors. Nay, Your goodness descends to cherish Literature, even in Inferiour Schools of Youth, supported and maintained by You; and not only so but communicates its cherishing warmth to Age and Grey Hairs ; when besides Your Pensioners at home, so many Alms-houses of both Sexes look up to the Honourable *Clothworkers* for their feeding Hand.

In recounting the *Clothworkers* Worth, not to walk further into so spacious a Field, 'tis sufficient that Your *Charity* alone displays You truly *Honourable*. For Charity as it is the highest Heavenly Vertue, so it carries likewise the highest worldly *Honour* too. For whatever great Names and gay Scutcheons, those emptier Blazons of Worth and Dignity may pretend ; there's no Grandeur nor Magnificence equals this. For even Statues and Pyramids are but faint Memorials, and speak but dead Praise ;

whilst fed Mouths and cloathed Nakedness are the living Monuments of Honour. The cheerful and Thankful Praiers of the *Poor* are of all the loudest *Trumps of Fame*, for their sound reaches Heaven, and makes the sweetest and most greatful Musick there.

And Gentlemen, as those soft Airs create so divine a Harmony; to encrease that tuneful Quire, may You never want that generous and continued Succession of Charity, those daily Benefactors with full Hands and open Hearts, who in pious emulation of the fair Examples before 'em, shall study to copy from such Illustrious Patterns; so feed the hungry Bellies, so cover the naked Backs, and so warm the chilling Roofs, till in reward of the drooping Heads they raise here below, they come to crown their own above; which with last hearty wish

I am

GENTLEMEN,

Your most humble Servant.

E. SETTLE.



## The Movements of the Morning.

*Between Seven and Eight in the Morning the whole Company design'd for the Duty of the Day, meet at Clothworkers-Hall.*

1. **T**HE Master, Wardens, and Assistants, in Gowns faced with Fems.
2. The Livery in their Gowns Faced with Budg, and their Hoods.
3. Forty Fems Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
4. Forty Budg-Bachelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
5. Forty Gentlemen Ushers in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his Shoulder, and a White-staff in his Hand.
7. Several Drums and Fifes with Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company in their Hats, Black and White.
7. The Serjeant Trumpet and Twenty four Trumpets more, whereof Sixteen are their Majesties, the Serjeant Trumpet wearing Two Scarfs Black and White.
8. The Drum-Major to the King, wearing a Shoulder Scarf of the Companies Colours; with others of Their Majesties Drums and Fifes.
9. The Two City-Mmarshals, each of them Mounted on Horseback, with Rich Furniture, Hoofings, and Crupper all Embroidered : Six Servants likewise Mounted to Attend, with Scarfs, and Colours of the Companies.
10. The Foot-Marshal with a Scarf, and Six Attendants in Colours.
11. The Master of Defence with the same Scarf and Colours, Eight Persons of the same Science to Attend him.
12. Twenty Pensioners with Coats and Caps, employed in carrying of Sandards and Banners.
13. Seventy two Pensioners in Blew Gowns and White Caps, each of them carrying a Javelling in one Hand, and a Target in other, wherein is Painted the Coat Armour of their Founders, and Benefactors of the Company.

Thus

Thus order'd, and accommodated, they are committed to the management of the Foot Marshal, who distributes them in Seven Divisions, rank'd all two by two, beginning with the inferior part of the Standard Bearers. In the head of them are placed two Drums, one Fife, and one Gentleman, bearing the Companies Arms.

In the Rear of them, two Gentlemen bearing Banners containing the Arms of the deceased Benefactors.

After them march the aged Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Center of them fall two Drums.

In the Rear of them three Drums, one Fife, and two Gentlemen in Plush-Coats, bearing two Banners, one of Their Majesties, the other of the Companies. After them Six Gentlemen Ushers, followed by the Budg Batchelors.

The next, two Gentlemen bearing two other Banners. After them Six Gentlemen Ushers, succeeded by the Foyns Batchelors.

In the Rear fall in two Drums, and a Fife. Then two Gentlemen, one bearing my Lord MAYORS, the other the Citys Banner. Then Twelve Gentlemen Ushers, and after them the Court of Assistance, which makes the last Division.

The Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR, with the principal Aldermen and Sherifs, Mounts his Horse, with the Aldermen two by two, the Sherifs in the Rear.

In this Equipage of two and two, the whole Body move toward *Grocers-Hall*, where the Lord Mayor Ellect joyns with the Old Lord Mayor and his Retinue: whence all of them in this Order march to *Three Crane-Wharf*, their entering into their several Barges which are gloriously adorned with Flags and Pendants, His Lordship and this Gallant Company Landing at *Westminster*, He is conducted to the Exchequer-Bar; their takeing the Oaths to their Majesties, he returns again by Water to *Black-Fryars Stairs*, with Drums beating, &c.

There his Lordship, and the several Companys landing from their Respective Barges, the rest of the Attendants that went not to *Westminster*, waiting for his Reception, the whole Body moves in Order before him to *Cheap-side*, where his Lordship is saluted with the First Pageant.

THE



# The First PAGEANT.

## *The Seat of SOVERAIGNTY.*

**A** Stately Pyramid stands erected upon four Rich Columns wreathed round with Golden Laurel, and other Ornaments. Round this chief Pyramide upon the Cornish of the Columns stand four smaller Pyramids, all of them hung with Trophies as being the Acquisitions of Sovereign Power. In the front of the Pageant, sits *Augusta* representing *London*, with three other Figures, viz. *Concord*, *Prudence*, and *Justice*. Beneath are planted 4 Figures more, viz. *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*, the other four *Thames*, *Tyber*, *Nile* and *Indus*. Intimating that the whole World, by way of Trade and Commerce contributes to the Wealth and Grandeur of *London*. The whole Pageant is duly applyed to My Lord, as being the Representative of Majesty within the City of *London*.

## *Augusta's SPEECH.*

**W** Hilst proud *Augusta*, thus Majestic Great,  
Circled with Trophies fills her Royal Seate.  
*Augusta*, her just Praises to rehearse,  
Of all her Sisters of the Universe,  
The fairest noblest Town; My Sovereign *Thames*  
No less a Vassal than the Ocean claims,  
Whilst Tributary Worlds their Homage yield:  
My Glorious Brow, Wealth, Power, and Honour Guild,  
Wealth, Honour, Power, 'tis true, my Pyramids build:  
But Virtue and fair Industry alone,  
Tis they support my State, and found my Throne.

*And*



And that Great Work, my Lord, belongs to You ;  
 Fair Virtues propagation is Your due.  
 Encouraged Piety, cherisht Industry,  
 Corrected Vice must Your great Province be,  
 And whilst Your Lordship's Smiling Influence,  
 To happy London shall it's warmth dispense ;  
 With Rosy Garland Ile adorne my Towers,  
 Ile wear them Sir, but You shall plant my Flow'rs.

## The Second PAGEANT.

### The Garden of P L E N T Y.

ON a large Stage at each end are planted four Flow'r potts richly embossed with Gold, over these arises a Rich Arbour all sumptuously deckt with Flow'r's and Fruit of Gold, and out of four less Flow'r Pots more, above the Arch, these Pots likewise of Gold, issue fair Trees, adorned with several Fruits and Flow'r's, and over all is hanged a Golden Fleece. Beneath this Arbor sits *Jason*, as the Capital Figure with a Dragon in a large Shield, who conquer'd the Dragon to obtain the Golden Fleece.

This Pageant is intirely applicable to the Honourable Cloth-workers, the Fleece being a Golden one, Morally so represented by Virtue of the Riches arising from the Manufacture of the Fleece. That the Dragon being a watchful Creature, intimates the *Caution Industry* and *Vigilance* that ought to secure support and preserve Trade ; whilst *Jason* that gave the Dragon a sleeping Potion, and so carry'd away the Golden Fleece was in reality an Industrious Merchant that equipt his Ship the *Argonaut*, and by Traffick and commerce carry'd off the Golden Fleece viz. the Trade of the World. *Jason* is attended by 3 other Figures representing *Commerce*, *Navigation* and *Industry*.

And

## *Jason's SPEECH.*

**J**ason of Old was a bold Youth of Greece,  
Subdu'd a Dragon for a Golden Fleece.  
A fairer Wreath Your Lordship's Worth attends,  
For here proud London's prostrate Dragon bends.  
So just a Hand with Power's Regalia graced;  
Honour and trust were never nobler placed.  
And, Sir, if great Examples could but teach,  
The imitating World Their heights to reach,  
Your Leading Virtue, such deserts to Crown,  
From the kind Heaven's must pull those Blessings down,  
Till this Blest Town shall my Rich Treasures hold,  
Reap both my Golden Fruit and Fleece of Gold.

## *The Chariot of APOLLO.*

**A** Very Rich Chariot is drawn by two Golden Griffons  
the Supporters of the Honourable Company of Cloth-  
workers; in the Chariot is seated *Apollo*, who as the God of  
Wisdom and also God of the Day, was a Shepherd to King  
*Admetus*, and is properly applyed to the Clothworkers as that  
under his Beames both the Sheep and the Shepherd are warmed  
and cherisht. Upon the approach of my Lord, when *Apollo* aris-  
es to address him, a Rich Figure of the Rising Sun of above 10  
foot Diameter, not seen before, appears above his Head out of  
the back of the Chariot with all his Beames display'd in Gold.  
On each Griffon ride two Triumphant Figures.

## *Apollo's SPEECH.*

**R**ise Rise my Sun; with Your full Orb ascend:  
T' Augustas Lord Your Brighest Lustre lend.  
Thus the Homaging *Apollo* bends before ye,  
To hail Your fair Inauguration Glory.  
Your Raigning Virtue and my smiling Day,

*any their Cherishing Beams display.  
Wisdom and Justice are that awful Power,  
Commands the Stars: Nor can my Sun do more,  
Hail thou Great Sir, to a propitious Year,  
Till You Your Orb: as I my glittering Sphear.  
Your glorious Chair with my proud Chariot joyne,  
To warm and cheer the World, together shine.*

## The Fourth Pageant of TRADE.

**I**N this Pageant is the whole Art and Mystery of the Clothworkers express, by all manner of Persons actually concerned in all Branches of the Trade, as Carding, Combing, Spinning, Rowling, Shearing of Wool, &c. The chief Figure is Jack of Newbury in his proper Habit upon a Rich Seat erected for him. In the Front of the Pageant is placed the Golden Ram the Crest of the Worshipful Company, the Pageant a very large one, being fill'd with several persons in Rurale and Pastoral Habits Dancing and rejoycing with their Pipes and other Country Musick suitable to their Characters, and also to the Solemn Joys of the Day.

### Jack of Newbury's SPEECH.

**A**mongst Your prouder Train in this great Day,  
Here's Jack of Newbury does his homage pay.  
Tis true, My Lord, I am but a homely Guest,  
Plain Jack, an honest Clothier of the West.  
But in that Name I more than Titles woe.  
My Fleece and Loom that golden Harvest bore  
As fed whole Thousands. What can Princes more?  
Trade was my Honour; Trade does Riches bring,  
And Riches make Companions for a King.  
Tho Jack of Newbury so famed in Story,  
Was once the Clothworkers Renown and Glory,  
My poorer name Your Lordships shall out shine.  
Be You Your Ages Honour, as I mine.

A Song

## A S O N G.

### I.

Come all the nine Sisters, that fill the Great Quire,  
For here's a Rich Theme must the Muses inspire.

The Clothworkers Glory

So fair lies before ye;

So famous and antient their Honour begun,  
When Adam first delv'd and our Mother Eve spun.

### II.

Nor the Gold nor the Pearl old England shall lack,  
You send out Your Cloth and the Indies come back,

On your fair Foundation

The Wealth of the Nation,

Our Wooll and our Web, the Supporters of Crowns,  
'Tis Wooll-Sacks found Bridges, and Fleeces build Towns.

### III.

—Whilst thro' twelve Starry Signs, as Astronomers say,  
To circle the Year, drives the great God of Day.

Thro Aries and Taurus

Triumphant and glorious,

Whilst the Ram in the Heavens does so splendid appear,

'Tis the Clothworkers Crest begins the Fair Year.

### IV.

Two Griffons of Gold, your Supporters so fair,  
Those compounds of Lyon and Eagle wait there.

The Lyon 'tis true Sirs

In homage to you Sirs,

As Lord of the Land, and the Eagle of the Ayr,  
To the Clothworkers glory their Fealty bear.

### V.

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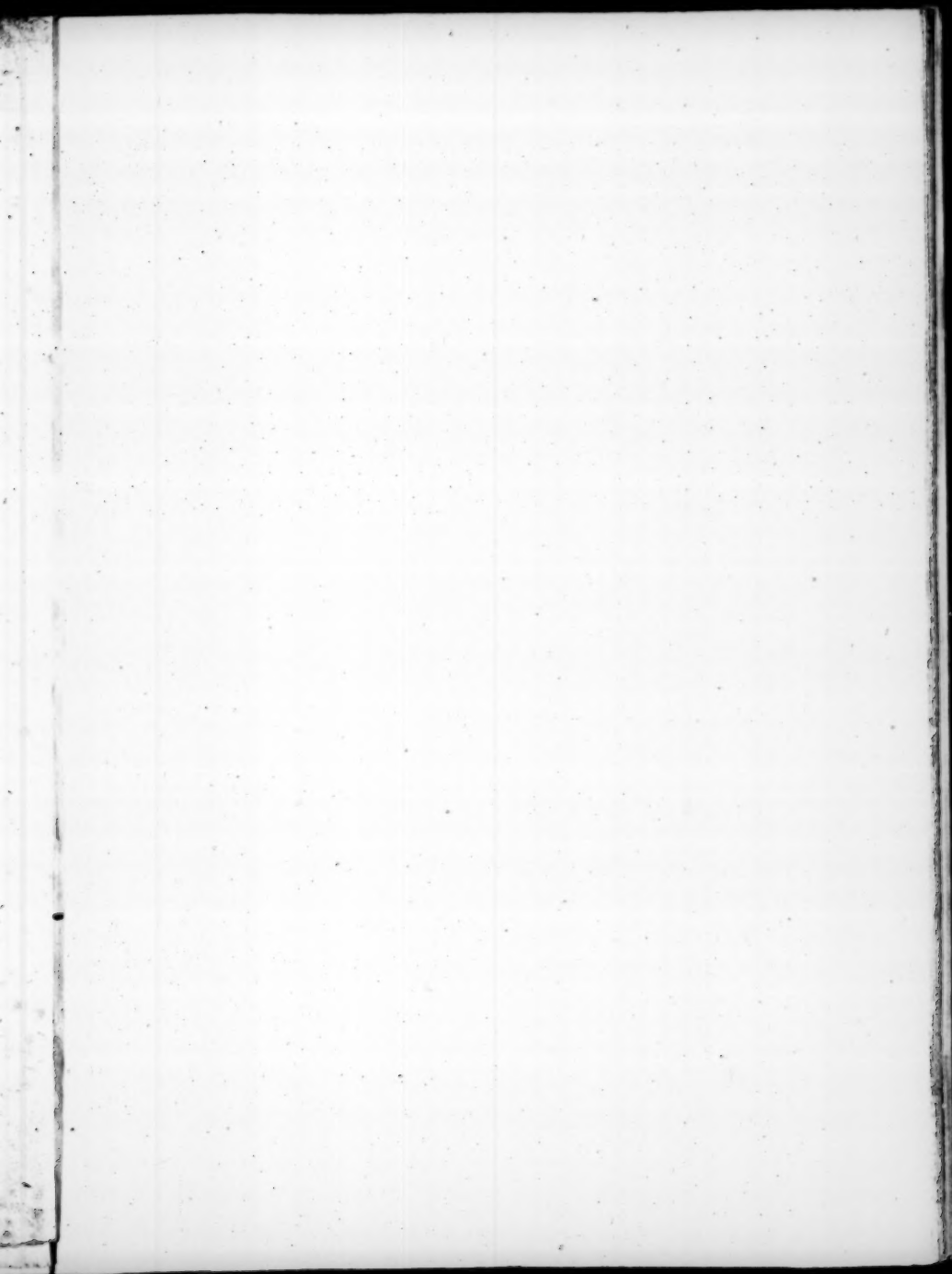
*The Thistle, the Clothworkers Servant so kind,  
 Long glit ring in Gold in their Southcon has shined;  
 The Thistle 'tis true, Sirs,  
 To give her her due, Sirs.* 2 A  
*With the fair English Rose, both of Royal Renown,  
 To the Clothworkers Honour, the Thistle and Crown,*

## VI.

*Since Fortune's but Whele, and the great Book of Doom.  
 With Life but a Thred in the work of the Loom,  
 The Fates those dire Sisters  
 Our Destiny Twisters;  
 'Tis Clothworking all. For Living or Dead,  
 'Tis he's only blest that spins a fair Thred,*



F I N I S.



THE

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18. March 1727 Collated & perfect

Printed by J. Smith

THOMAS LAURENCE

Lord Mayor of the City

LONDON

CONTAINING

A full Description of the Palace, and the whole solemnity of the

Performed on the 29th of March

at the Theatre Royal, and Church of St. Martin



CLOTHWORKERS

Printed by J. Smith

Printed and sold by J. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, and Church of St. Martin

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In the Rear fall in two Drums, and a Fife. Then two Gentlemen, one bearing my Lord MAYORS, the other the Citys Banner. Then Twelve Gentlemen Ushers, and after them the Court of Assistance, which makes the last Division.

The Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR, with the principal Aldermen and Sheriffs, Mounts his Horse, with the the Aldermen two by two, the Sheriffs in the Rear.

In this Equipage of two and two, the whole Body move toward *Grocers-Hall*, where the Lord Mayor Ellect joyns with the Old Lord Mayor and his Retinue: whence all of them in this Order march to *Three Crane-Wharf*, their entering into their several Barges which are gloriously adorned with Flags and Pendants, His Lordship and this Gallant Company Landing at *Westminster*, He is conducted to the *Exchequer-Bar*; their taking the Oaths to their Majesties, he returns again by Water to *Black-Fryars Stairs*, with Drums beating, &c.

There his Lordship, and the several Companys landing from their Respective Barges, the rest of the Attendants that went not to *Westminster*, waiting for his Reception, the whole Body moves in Order before him to *Cheap-side*, where his Lordship is saluted with the First Pageant.

# The First PAGEANT.

## The Seat of SOVERAIGNTY.

A Stately Pyramid stands erected upon four Rich Columns wreathed round with Golden Laurel, and other Ornaments. Round this chief Pyramide upon the Cornish of the Columns stand four smaller Pyramids, all of them lueg with Trophies as being the Acquisitions of Sovereign Power. In the front of the Pageant, sits *Augusta* representing *London*, with three other Figures, viz. *Concord*, *Prudence*, and *Justice*. Beneath are planted 4 Figures more, viz. *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*, the other four *Thames*, *Tyber*, *Nile* and *Indus*. Intimating that the whole World, by way of Trade and Commerce contributes to the Wealth and Grandeur of *London*. The whole Pageant is duly applyed to My Lord, as being the Representative of Majesty within the City of *London*.

## *Augusta's* SPEECH.

W Hilst proud *Augusta*, thus Majestic Great,  
Circled with Trophies sits her Royal Seat;  
*Augusta*, her just Praises to rehearse,  
Of all her Sisters of the Universe,  
The fairest noblest Town; My Sovereign *Thames*  
No less a Vassal than the Ocean claims,  
Whilst Tributary Worlds their Homage yield:  
My Glorious Brow, Wealth, Power, and Honour Guild.  
Wealth, Honour, Power, 'tis true, my Pyramids build  
But Virtue and fair Industry alone,  
Tis they support my State, and sound my Throne.

And

And that Great Work, my Lord, belongs to You ;  
Fair Virtues propagation is Your due.

~~Encouraged Piety, cherish Industry,~~

Corrected Vice must Your great Province be,

And whilst Your Lordship's Smiling Influence,

To happy London shall it's warmth dispense ;

With Rosy Garland Ile adorne my Towers,

Ile wear them ~~Sure~~ but You shall plant my Flowers.

## The Second PAGEANT.

### The Garden of PLENTY.

ON a large Stage at each end are planted four Flower Potts richly embossed with Gold, over these arises a Rich Arbour all sumptuously deckt with Flowers and Fruit of Gold, and out of four lets Flower Pots more, above the Arch, these Pots likewise of Gold, issue fair Trees, adorned with several Fruits and Flowers, and over all is hanged a Golden Fleece, Beneath this Arbour sits Jason, as the Capital Figure with a Dragon in a large Shield, who conquer'd the Dragon to obtain the Golden Fleece.

This Pageant is intirely applicable to the Honourable Cloth-workers, the Fleece being a Golden ore, Morally so represented by Virtue of the Riches arising from the Manufacture of the Fleece. That the Dragon being a watchful Creature, intimates the Caution Industry and Vigilance that ought to secure support and preserve Trade ; whilst Jason that gave the Dragon a sleeping Potion, and so carry'd away the Golden Fleece was in reality an Industrious Merchant that equipt his Ship the Argonaut, and by Traffick and commerce carry'd off the Golden Fleece viz. the Trade of the World. Jason is attended by 3 other Figures representing Commerce, Navigation and Industry.

And

## Jason's SPEECH.

**J**ASON of Old was a bold Youth of Greece,  
 Subdu'd a Dragon for a Golden Fleece.  
 A fairer Wreath Your Lordship's Worth attends,  
 For here proud London's prostrate Dragon bends.  
 So just a Hand with Pow'r's Regalia graced,  
 Honour and trust were never nobler placed,  
 And, Sir, if great Examples could but teach,  
 The imitating World Their heights to reach,  
 Your Leading Virtue, such deserts to Crown,  
 From the kind Heaven's must pull those Blessings down,  
 Till this Blest Town shall my Rich Treasures hold,  
 Reap both my Golden Fruit and Fleece of Gold.

## The Chariot of APOLLO.

**A** Very Rich Chariot is drawn by two Golden Griffons the Supporters of the Honourable Company of Clothworkers; in the Chariot is seated Apollo, who as the God of Wisdom and also God of the Day, was a Shepherd to King Admetus, and is properly applyed to the Clothworkers as that under his Beames both the Sheep and the Shepherd are warmed and cherisht. Upon the approach of my Lord, when Apollo arises to address him, a Rich Figure of the Rising Sun of above 10 foot Diameter, not seen before, appears above his Head out of the back of the Chariot with all his Beames display'd in Gold. On each Griffon ride two Triumphant Figures.

## Apollon's SPEECH.

**R**ISE Rise my Sun; with Tour full Orb ascend:  
 T' Augment Lord Your Brighest Lustre lend.  
 Thus the Homaging Apollo bends before ye,  
 To hail Your fair Inauguration Glory.  
 Your Raigning Virtue and my smiling Day,



*Shall equally their Cherishing Beams display.  
 Wisdom and Justice are that awful Power,  
 Commands the Stars: Nor can my Sun do more,  
 Hail thou Great Sir, to a propitious Year,  
 Till You Your Orb: as I my glittering Sphear.  
 Your glorious Chair with my proud Chariot joyne,  
 To warm and cheer the World, together shine.*

## The Fourth Pageant of TRADE.

**I**N this Pageant is the whole Art and Mystery of the Clothworkers exprest, by all manner of Persons actually concerned in all Branches of the Trade, as Carding, Combing, Spinning, Rowling, Shearing of Wool, &c. The chief Figure is Jack of Newbury in his proper Habit upon a Rich Seat erected for him. In the Front of the Pageant is placed the Golden Ram the Crest of the Worshipful Company, the Pageant a very large one, being fill'd with severall persons in Rurale and Pastoral Habits Dancing and rejoycing with their Pipes and other Country Musick suitable to their Characters, and also to the Solemn joys of the Day.

## Jack of Newbury's SPEECH.

**A**mongst Your proudest Train in this great Day,  
 Here's Jack of Newbury does his homage pay.  
 'Tis true, My Lord, I am but a homely Guest,  
 Plain Jack, an honest Clothier of the West.  
 But in that Name I more than Tisler wore.  
 My Fleece and Loom that golden Harvest bore  
 As fed whole Thousands. What can Princes more?  
 Trade was my Honour: Trade does Riches bring,  
 And Riches make Companions for a King.

The Jack of Newbury so famed in Story,  
 Was once the Clothworkers Renown and Glory,  
 My Poorer name Your Lordships shall out shine.  
 Be You Your Ages Honour, as I mine.

## A S O N G.

## I.

Come all the nine Sisters, that fill the Great Quire,  
For here's a Rich Theme must the Muses inspire.

The Clothworkers Glory

So fair lies before ye;

So famous and antient their Honour begun,  
When Adam first delv'd and our Mother Eve span.

## II.

Nor the Gold nor the Pearl old England shall lack,  
You send out Your Cloth and the Indies come back,

On your fair Foundation

The Wealth of the Nation,

Our Wooll and our Web, the Supporters of Crowns,  
'Tis Wooll-Sacks found Bridges, and Fleeces build Towns.

## III.

Whilst thro' twelve Starry Signs, as Astronomers say,  
To circle the Year, drives the great God of Day.

Thro Aries and Taurus

Triumphant and glorious,

Whilst the Ram in the Heavens does so splendid appear,  
'Tis the Clothworkers Crest begins the Fair Year.

## IV.

Two Griffons of Gold, your Supporters so fair,  
Those compounds of Lyon and Eagle wait there.

The Lyon 'tis true Sirs

In homage to you Sirs,

As Lord of the Land, and the Eagle of the Ay,  
To the Clothworkers glory their Fealty bear.



## V.

*The Thistle, the Clothworkers Servant so kind,  
 Long glit ring in Gold in their Scutcheon has shined;  
 The Thistle 'tis true, Sirs,  
 To give her her due, Sirs,  
 With the fair English Rose, both of Royal Renown,  
 To the Clothworkers Honour, the Thistle and Crown,*

## VI.

*Since Fortune's but Whele, and the great Book of Doom.  
 With Life but a Thred is the work of the Loom,  
 The Fates those dire Sisters  
 Our Destiny Twisters;  
 'Tis Clothworking all. For Living or Dead,  
 'Tis he's only blest that spins a fair Thred.*




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**F I N I S .**

